Numb. 87.

The British Apollo,

OR,

Curious Amuſements for the INGENIOUS.

To which are added the moſt

Material Occurrences Foreign and Domeſtick.

Perform'd by a Society of GENTLEMEN.

From **Wedneſday** December 8th. to **Friday** December 10th. 1708.

Q. *HOW do you Reconcile* Gen. 15. 13. *and* Exod. 12. 40. *with* Acts 7. 6.

A. Sir, We beg leave to tell you, that the Queſtion is not rightly ſtated. For *Gen.* 15. 13. exactly agrees with *Acts* 7. 6. And therefore *Gen.* 15. 13. and *Acts* 7. 6. muſt be Reconciled with *Exod.* 12. 40. but this may be no more than a Miſtake in the Writing.

Exod. 12. 40. preſents us with the Punctual number of Years from *Abraham's* going out of *Haran*, to his Poſterity's return from *Egypt*; and therefore the other two Texts are to be accounted for. And this is done by that Noted obſervation, that it is an Uſual Mode of Speech among all Authors to leave out the Odd Numbers, and be Contented with the Repreſentation of the Round Number.

Q. *Gentlemen, I would deſire you to tell me, whether Nature is a tenderer Mother to Man, or a ſeverer Mother in Law. For to other Creatures ſhe gives various Coverings; as Shells, Barks, Hides, Hairs, Briſtles, &c. She has defended Trunks of Trees from Heat and Cold, with Barks, and ſometimes a double one too, but caſts Man out only naked into a wide World, on his very Birth-day with Cries and Moans.*

A. If Nature has been Unkind to Man in denying him ſome favours, which She, like an Indulgent Mother, has beſtow'd upon her Leſs beloved Children, yet Man wou'd be ungrateful to complain, ſince She has made him ſuch an Ample Recompence, has oblig'd him with an Infinitely more valuable Endowment; an Endowment, which ſupplies the Deficiency, you ſeem willing to Reſent. What, tho' She has given us no Coverings to Hide our Nakedneſs, to Defend us from the Severities of the Inclement Weather? Has She not abundantly Silenc'd our Repinings, in that She has endued us with Abilities to make Coverings for Our ſelves? And tho' the *Lillies* of the Field can boaſt, that *Solomon*, in All his Glory, was not Array'd like one of Them, we are yet ſufficiently made Amends, in that we are favour'd with ſo Stately a Compoſure, ſo Sublime a Fabrick, ſo Majeſtick a Countenance, as to be able to ſay of the Meaneſt of our Fellow-Creatures, that the *Lillies* of the Field, in All their Glory, make not an Appearance like one of Theſe.

Nature (a moſt Tender Parent) has plentifully furniſh'd us with ſuch Uſeful Faculties, as Enable us to Lord it over the Reſt of the Creation, to Subdue other Creatures to Our Obedience, and Adorn Our ſelves with thoſe very Coverings, which They, in ſo Diſtinguiſhing a manner, are Provided with. Well therefore might the Poet ſay;

Sic Vos, non Vobis, Vellera fertis, Oves
So You for Others, Sheep, bear Fleecy Stores.

And were we but to give the Encomium ſo juſtly due to that Characteriſtick of our Nature, that Pride of our Humanity, that Glory of our Creation, Reaſon; it wou'd Overballance ten thouſand Advantages beſtow'd on the Other, not to be Envied, Creatures: But we wou'd Confine our ſelves Cloſer to the Inſtances alledg'd.

But Nature has been Exceeding Kind in the very midſt of her Unkindneſs. She has Denied us the Advantages beſtow'd on Other Creatures, on purpoſe to Inſtruct us in the Duties of Humanity, to ſhew us our Dependance on one another, to Afford us the Opportunity of Diſplaying the Noble Principles of a Compaſſionate Diſpoſition, of a Fellow-Feeling Tenderneſs, Principles too Noble for *the Beaſts, that Periſh.*

And if She ſends us into the World with Tears in our Eyes, and Complainings in our Mouths, Here alſo we may View the Affection of a Mother, for by This She reads us a very Uſeful Lecture, She Symbolically teaches us that the World is a Stage of Unhappineſs, is *a Vale of Miſery.* She Symbolically Perſwades us, not to Doat upon Mingled Bliſs, not to be Fond of Vain Mortality, not to *ſet our Affections upon things Below.*

But ſince Nature, in the Senſe before us, is but a *Metonomy* for the God of Nature, let us not be Ungrateful to ſo Gracious a Creator, to ſo Kind a Father, but be ever ready to Thank him with St. *Auſtin*, that we are not Beaſts, but Men. Let us ſhew the Grateful Senſe, we entertain, of his Partial, as we call them, Favours, as Sincerely, as Fervently to repeat thoſe Expreſſions of the Pſalmiſt; *O Lord my God, great are the wondrous works, which thou haſt done, like as be alſo thy thoughts, which are to Us-ward: And yet there is no man, that ordereth them unto thee.*

Q. *Why does a Miſt often Precede an Hot day?*

A. Heat and Cold owe their Original, not only to the Vicinity or Diſtance of the Sun, but alſo to the Various Diſpoſitions of the Atmoſphere. And this is Evident from Common Experience, ſince in the beginning of Summer we have ſometimes Hotter Weather, than when the Sun approaches the Northern Tropick of *Cancer*.

In a Morning therefore preceeding an Hot day, the Atmoſphere is ſo Diſpos'd as to receive from the Sun ſuch a Proportionable degree of Heat, as is ſufficient to Exhale ſuch a quantity of Moiſture, as is enough to Compoſe a Miſt.

But this Obſervation is more generally taken, when a Sultry day ſucceeds to Preceeding Cooler ones. For in Cooler weather there is a greater Portion of Moiſture, near the Surface of the Earth, for the Sun to Exhale and Elevate.

Q. *Gentlemen,* The Braſil-fleet *brings* 10000 *Arab's of Gold (Each Arab weighs* 32 *pound) and a great quantity of Diamonds, beſides their other uſual Merchandiſes. The Fleet is Valued at fifty Millions of Cruſads; Each Cruſad is worth three Shillings and four Pence. I deſire to know, what the whole Fleet comes to. Pray anſwer this, or you will Diſoblige your Humble Servant to Command,* J. King, *in* Biſhopgate ſtreet.

A. Tho' the Queſtion be of Vulgar Operation, and may be ſolv'd by a very ſmall Proficient in Arithmetick, yet ſince the *Braſil-Fleet* is the Greateſt, that ever arriv'd at *Portugal* (by reaſon, that the Portugueſe have Lately ſprang a new Mine in thoſe Parts) and therefore Many, who Underſtand not ſo much as Multiplication and Diviſion, may be Curious to know the Value of ſo Remarkable a Fleet, we think fit to acquaint the Queriſt, that the Value amounts to Eight Millions, three hundred and thirty three Thoulands, three hundred and thirty three Pounds, ſix Shillings and eight Pence.

Q. Bright Apollo, *Pray tell me the Reaſon, that where the Roſemary grows, there it is ſaid the Woman Reigns; in reſolving of this you will Oblige* LUCINDA.

A. Roſemary is held an Extraordinary thing to fortify the Brain, ſtrengthen the Nerves, and recover loſt Speech, which laſt Vertue renders it highly Valuable Amongſt the Female Sex; And ſince the Woman Governs through the Power of her Tongue, 'tis no wonder She takes care to cheriſh that Herb, that may Afford her ſuch a Sovereign Aſſiſtance, in Caſe of a Failure.

Q. *What particular mark may be found upon Diſſection, to know whether the Party deceas'd Dy'd by Opium?*

A. A Symptom of that kind we believe is ſcarcely Diſcernible upon Diſſection, becauſe the Operation of Opium is Chiefly upon the Animal Spirits: But it is poſſible, that a Quantity of it Crude taken into the Stomach, may inflame, and Diſorder it in a very great Meaſure: An Inſtance whereof, Dr. *Mead* in his Eſſay on Opium, gives us in a ſmall Dog, into whoſe Stomach he forc'd about 2 Drams of it, which firſt doz'd him, then threw him into Convulſions and kill'd him. Being Open'd, the Inſide of his Stomach was as clean as if Scrap'd, and waſh'd from all Slime of the Glands, with ſome Redneſs here and there, as in an Incipient Inflammation.

Q. *I take the freedom to trouble you a ſecond time, for the Advice you give me, does not pleaſe ſo well as I could wiſh, and that for theſe reaſons. That tho' I am an Old Maid, and as I told you before, ſo very willing to alter my Condition, yet, you muſt know, I am a Perſon of Quality by Birth, though of ſmall Fortune, but how ſmall ſoever, yet I think it too great Condeſcenſion for one that has ſpent all her days at Court, to take Lodgings among the* Wapping *Tarrs: And beſides, it will be too great a blur upon the Courtiers. And another very good reaſon is, that having liv'd high and extravagant, to keep up the Grandeur that becomes my Title, I am reduced to ſuch Extremities, that I have only ſo much left as will ſerve twice more to buy me Patches and Pomatum; and all my Acquaintance have forſaken me, ſo that I have nothing at all to bear my Charges; and having of my ſelf a natural lameneſs, that I can ſcarce ſtir, ſhall be worſe puzzled how to get thither; ſo if you can't find out ſome other ſpeedy Method to eaſe the Burthen of a longing Old Maid, I'll e'en dedicate my Virginity to* Apollo, *hoping your Godſhip will accept the Service of your Admirer* Theodocia.

A. Madam, This Diſcovery of your *Quality* has extreamly puzzl'd the Cauſe. The very ſound of an Old Maid of *Quality* without a Fortune, is (like a Clap of Thunder) enough to ſtrike Dead a Perſon whoſe Courage is but proportionable to ſuch an *Attack*. Beſides, you have ſlipt your laſt Propitious Moment; for at the time of writing, having no more Money left, than twice more to buy *Patches* and *Pomatum*, thoſe will doubtleſs be ſpent before your Reception hereof. And alas! What is an Old Maid of *Quality* without *Patches* and *Pomatum*, to diſtinguiſh and ſmooth the Rubs of Time. Were only your Fortune ſpent, the Reputation of that, were eaſily retriev'd, for many have continued the Impoſition, long after the Subſtance has been gone: Or were you only forſaken by all your Friends, new ones might be obtain'd. But to be forſaken by thoſe two Grand Supporters, *Patches* and *Pomatum*, alas, what Remedy! But moſt ſurprizing is That Turn, wherein you dedicate your Virginity to *Apollo*; If your Natural Lameneſs will not admit of a Jonrney to *Wapping*, how will You be able with a *Hop, Step and a Jump*, to bear him Company round the World in a Day. He muſt certainly take You upon his Back, and what a *Jeſt* will He be amongſt the *Gods*, when He appears in their Preſence with a *Knapſack* on his Back. 'Tis true, at firſt they may Judge it ſome pleaſant Theft of another *Daphne*, but when he opens his *Cargo* and diſcovers only a *Maim'd Piece of Antiquated Mortality*, why it will be enough to make them Hiſs him out of his *Sphere*, and by conſequence, leave the World without Light, for which, tho' your *Siſterhood*, may bleſs you, being only fit to meet in the Dark, yet You will certainly be Heartily curſt by all the *Beau Monde*. The very apprehenſion of it hath ſo chill'd his Blood, that we muſt expect a terrible Cold Winter after it. All the Comfort we can now give, is to retire from Human Sight, and chew over again the Cud of your former enjoyments of Grandeur.

POEMS.

Gentlemen,

Q. *TO You for Aid, all o'er in deep diſpair,*
The wounded Soul with Tremblings does (appear,
O'erwhelm'd in Thought, Diſſolv'd in Anxious fear.
But ſoon theſe fears, thoſe very fears are gone,
When at Your feet ſhe makes her Piteous Moan.
The Daring Atheiſt Trembles, when he reads
Your cogent Arguments, and with reluctance pleads:
That bright Apollo, *do's his thoughts controul,*
And checks th' impetuous Sallies of his Soul.

To

To you the injur'd Virgin does complain,
To you She Sues, nor does She Sue in Vain.
Thus your Extenſive Bounty's not confin'd,
To All Obliging, and to All you're Kind.
Encourag'd thus, I trouble your Receſs,
From You, from You, it is, I ſeek Redreſs.
Unfold the Myſt'ry of this Sacred Text,
Which has of late, my troubled Soul Perplext.
To wit; The Sea ſhall * then give up her dead,
On whom innumerable Creatures fed,
There in ten thouſand, thouſand pieces torn,
To various parts by different Creatures born,
Who ſoon perhaps to th' greater Kind become
A Prey, and in their Bellies find a Tomb.
Whilſt they themſelves within a little Space,
Subſervient are for food to Human Race.
O tell me then how can the Deep reſign,
What She within her ſelf do's not contain.

* Aluding to the Reſurrection.

A. When Heaven's Trump ſhall Dreaful ſound,
The Trembling Rocks ſhall into Atoms Bound.
All Nature ſhall a Deep Attention lend;
Earth, Air, and Sea their Maſter's Voice Commend.
Each Element their Captives ſhall Reſtore,
And Death (Grim Monarch!) ſhall Prevail no more.
Th' Earth ſhall Obey with Emulating Strife,
And Mouldring Aſhes Quicken into Life.
The Willing Sea Diſgorge the Mangled Prey,
It ſhall Enfold, on that Portentous Day.

Q. *Tho' faſt I can run,*
Yet I'll cope with the Sun:
But before I Engage his bright Face,
I'll Fumble the bones
Of his Brats, or his Sons,
And Eſteem 'em no more than an Aſs.
At length with Expecting,
And Buſineſs Neglecting,
They've dub'd me a Minor Poeta;
And perhaps have confeſt,
They will make me a Jeſt,
And think they have done a great feat--a.
But ſince in my Chyming,
Of Words, or my Rhyming,
They have had no better Opinion,
I'll hop to a Juſtice,
And in him all my truſt is,
To Whip 'em out of the Dominion.
For in the Days of Queen Beſs,
As Lawyers confeſs,
Againſt Gypſies *and* Fortune-tellers,
An Act then was made,
To ſurpreſs the ſly Trade
Of Stroling, and Cheating by ſuch Idle Fellows.
Thus your Sons do the ſame,
Tho' now they're in fame,
But ſtrait on this Law I'll indite 'em;
Then they'll ſoon change their Song,
When they taſt of the Thong,
Oh! how a bluff Beadle will fright 'em.
With terrible ſqualing,
And eke with ſad bauling,
How diſmal the Sons of Apollo
Then will look, with a Grace
Revers'd in Each Face,
When the Arſe of a Cart *they ſhall Follow.*

A. To your Terrible Charge
We ſhall anſwer at Large,
And Affirm, ſince 'tis fit you ſhould know it,
You ſhould gratefully own,
That 'twas courteouſly done,
When we gave you the Name of a Poet.
For tho' *Minor* Degrees
Do your Worſhip Diſpleaſe,
The *Major* Degrees are above you,
And whatever you think,
Of your Gingle and Clink,
Minimi Beſt does behove you.
But as to your Feat,
In Diſcov'ring our Cheat,
We'll reply t'ye with Voices Sublimer:
If we e'er did commit
Any Action unfit,
It was then, when we ſtyl'd you a Rhimer.

Q. *No more Delays, Dear Youth, my ſelf and Charms,*
I yield an eaſy Victim to your Arms;
And now invite you boldly to that war,
Where only Soft Endearments, Weapons are.
My Fancy does my Expectation move,
With hopes of more, than bare Platonick Love:
Expect me then, bright Darling of my Soul,
Weſt of that place, where ſporting Billows rowl,
Within the Park, thoſe pleaſant Royal Groves,
Shall be the witneſs of our tender Love's;
Juſt at that time, when Stars of leſſer Light.
Vaniſh, aſham'd at your great Father's Sight;
The Morning that Succeeds your next Reply,
Thither with joy will Theodora *fly.*

Theodora.

A. Myſterious Sex, Form'd to amuſe Mankind,
Who can the Depth of all your Riddles find!
Fair *THEODORA* owns Her ſelf a *Lover*,
But ſtill Declines the Object to Diſcover.
One of *Apollo*'s Sons, ſhe grants the Grace,
But names not which, of all *Apollo*'s Race.
In Sacred Bands of Amity they're ty'd,
Nor wou'd infringe the *Knot*, e'en for a *Bride*.
In Mutual Courteſies dwells their Delight,
Each cautious to Invade another's Right:
Till *Theodora* then Her Swain Reveals,
Whilſt She *Declares obſcurely*, She *Conceals*.

A Gentle-

A Gentleman was pleas'd to preſent us with the following Lines.

PRoceed bright *Offspring* of th' *Illuſtrious God*,
Uſe both his Peaceful *Scepter* and His *Rod*;
Whilſt *Vertue* You Indulge, *Honour*, *Renown*;
Laſh on, the *Vice* and *Follies* of the Town.
Your *Brave Deſign*, ſo Full, ſo Juſtly *Takes*,
You are Condemn'd by none, but *Fools* aud *Rakes*;
And what Adds to our *Conſtant Wonder* more,
Each Day You *Shine* ſtill *Brighter* than before.
Our *Serious* Hours, You nobly *Entertain*,
With *Great Idea's* of your *Fertile Brain*;
Improve our *Morals*, *Rectify* our *Thought*,
By *Schemes*, to *Judgment's* ſtricteſt *Touchſtone* brought.
Our *Lucid Intervals*, from *Cares* and *Strife*
You Free, and *Smooth* the *Rugged Path* of Life.

Oh! may your *Influence*, ſome Great *Bard* inſpire,
Fraught with your *Skill*, and Quick'ned by your *Fire*;
Who may Tranſmit your well *deſerved Praiſe*,
In *Lines* may ſuit your *Worth*, to Future Days;
Lines, which for their *Duration*, may ſurpaſs,
All *Monuments* Contriv'd of *Stone* or *Braſs*.

Rob. Talbot.

In laſt *Wedneſday's* Paper. Col. 7. l. 9. inſtead of *our* read *one*.

SIR,

FRom Rome Nov. 24th. They write, that the Pope is very much diſturb'd at the Hoſtilities committed by the Imperialiſts, in the Ferrareze and the Lower Romagna, eſpecially, ſince they compel the Magiſtrates of Places to ſwear Allegiance to the Emperor: And that he has declared he will rather loſe all than ever part with an Inch of his Acquiſitions in Spirituals or Temporals. That the Cuiraſſiers, who were ſent to Foligno, returned yeſterday, bringing back 300000 Crowns, which was deſign'd for the uſe of the Troops under General Marſigli. That Cardinal Grimani had Cauſed a Veſſel carrying the Pope's Colours, which a Neapolitan Privateer had taken, to be ſet at Liberty: But coming out of the Port of Orbitello, ſhe was taken by an Engliſh Man of War, the Captain of which ſaid he had Orders from his Sovereign to ſieze all the Ships, he ſhould meet belonging to the Pope or his Subjects; that ſome other Engliſh Men of War chas'd His Holineſs's 4 Gallies, which got away by favour of a Fog: That the Pope was much ſurprized when he heard of theſe Actions. From Antwerp Dec. 13. They write they had Advice that Ghent was to be inveſted the day before, by the Troops of the Allies, and that the place will be attack'd with great Vigor. That the Garriſon conſiſts of about 10000 Men, and they appear as if they deſign'd to defend the Town and Caſtle to the utmoſt Extremity: That to Morrow 3000 Waggons which have been ſummon'd in from ſeveral Parts, are to Rendezvous at Aloſt, for the ſervice of the Army of the Allies; That ſeveral Veſſels Laden with Cannon, Mortars, Bombs, Grenadoes, Powder, &c. deſign'd to be uſed in the Reduction of Ghent, went from thence to Dendermonde. The Advices from the Duke of *Marlborough's* Camp at *Melle* Dec. 13. are, that his Grace march'd with the Army under his Command the 11th Inſtant from Bierleghem, and Encamp'd with the Right at *Melle* and the Left at *Meerlebeck*: That Orders were immediately given for ſeveral Bridges to be laid over the Upper and Lower Scheld, as likewiſe over the Lys, for a Communication of the ſeveral Bodies of Troops employ'd in the Siege of Ghent: That the Garriſon of the Citadel of Lille, Marched out the 11th Inſtant, with 6 Pieces of Cannon, 4 Mortars, and with the uſual Marks of Honour Granted on ſuch Occaſion, and to be conducted to Doway: That Prince Eugene having given Orders for repairing ſuch of the Works as have been Damag'd by our Attacks, and Appointed a ſufficient Garriſon for the Place, marched this day from Lille, and is to take Poſt with his Army between the Upper and Lower Scheld. That 'tis thought the Reducing of Ghent will ſuddenly be accompliſh'd, having information the French are diſpoſing of all their Effects. Which concludes all from Yours, *&c.*

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